## The Rutland Berald

RUTLAND, VT.

G. H. BEAMAN.

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West wland, Sept. 3, 1050.

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F. W. HOCKINS, Hon. Secretary DR MARCHISI'S Uterine Catholicon.

t for a remainlest. For sale by tustions firm 1 1852 C. Braz & Pon new jaweler's enop.

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IN STREET, BETLAND, VERMONT. BOOTS AND SHOES

sense children's hear &c. on as reterms as at any other establishmen

P. M. J. T. T. Carl Feb 12 1852

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NO CURE NO PAY 111 H. L. SPENCER

de such arrangements that he will be supplied by the Manufacturers PATENT MEDICINES

the day-many of which are warranted to ressticiantion to the purchaser or the monwill be refunded. [1] Be sure and call the "Old Patent Medicine Emporium" try opposite the Franklin Hotel.

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use in Rutland Co, now on hand- and sale to Merchants and others, at low-es II. L. SPENCER Ayer's Cherry Pectoral! H L SPENCER

ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT 6 new scobs.

the Aore two doors North of the Court House, East side of Franklen Square. ST received a general assortment of American, English, French and German Y GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCK-ERY AND HARDWARE,

sh will be sold sheap for approved Cred much cheaper for cash, without respect o. L. ROBBINS. Rutland, May, 1851.

ADSELAN LONGARDS AND ( The genuine article.)

in the proprietors, (Barrett & Son ) sold h SPENCER, ADVERTISE nothing that I do not kee

Russian Liniament, BURSIA BALVE,

C. BURT & SON. Rutland, Feb. 16, 1852. BURNING FLUIL

AND LAMPS THE LADIES EXCHANGE, arge assortment of the Patent Improve and Lamps of the following kinds: and Stores, Astral, Mantle, Entry, and and Lamps, siso Porter a Improved Burn-Trinid. All the above will be sold at city

Particular attention paid to orders for the bave articles. CHAS. PAGE. GRORGE SCHMIDT.

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[Late from the city of New York]
West Positives, Va

DOCTOR ROGERS by O. I. ROBBINS.

TO BE BOUGHT OF O. L. ROBBINS.

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THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUS-

BY J. SAFFORD, W. D.

I m cold and faint, I'm dying now . O, press me to thy heart!
Southerme with a weetend words of love.
So we may calmly part.
Oh, let me has thy lips once more,
As best my love to tell.
Thou wild furgive if I have loved.
Too wildly me too well.

(), de not blame thyself dear one, O, do not in my heart
It is not in my heart
To speak one word reprovingly.
Or cause one tear to start.
Thon hast lee kindty dealt with me, And now my heart is grieved That I have made so slight return

For kindnesses secented. Our days of earthly happiness Be quickly they have flown,
It eccum but yeaterday we met,
At d soon thou it be alone,—
Alone! no, no! my spirit free
Will u ander from above;
To dwell a gain on certh with thee,
And bless me with my love.

When disappointments weigh thee down
With want, and woe and wrong.
My sport shall be with thee then,
And help thee to be strong.
But pray to God. He'll give thee aid;
No one need doubt His power;
He is my hope, my attength, my all,
In this last, trying hour.

In thy embrace, my thoughts flow back To days when hopes were high.—
When pain and care were lightly deemed,
It thou wert only nigh.—
When sky, and brooks, and birds, and flow

For us seemed only made ;
And thoughts, too of my childhood's home
The places where we played,--The grove, the glen bright school-day haunts,

And school-mates in their gler,

My brothers in their children,

My sisters fond and free,

My mother with her tender love,

My mether with her tender love,

My fathers smiling brough my brain;

Oh! am I dying now?

Then bring my little girl to me, Then bring my little gel to me,
That I may look my last
Lyon her sweet and lovely face,—
One kiss—one more— tis past.
Dear little one, site does not know
How much she il miss my love,
I leave her to thy watchful care,
And to her God above.

The hand of Death now chills my heart; O, fuld me to the breast ! Whisper in soothing tones of love; Gently I sink to rest. My sainted sisters' voices new Sing sweetly round the throne Bright angels come to lead me there, Farewell! my love-my own! Fair Haren, Vt., Feb. 1852.

## THE LOVING STARS.

Beautiful are ye, stars of night,
Shiming above, on your thrones of light,
Over a word of sorrow!
Heralds of peace and love to those
Wearied and sad with their weight of wor
United Start of the midnight a close,
International Control of the surface in the samples of the sampl Into a sunmer morrow!

No marvel that men in times of old Many a destroy should unfold,
Writ to your gentle hearing
The thoughtful pirit can wing its way,
Far in the region of each bright ray, Of Paradise sweetly dreaming.

The hearth may lack its accustomed guest And we may moure for a trend at rest,
But, gazing awhile above us—
In the lewels of night we yet could trace
The lines familiar of each dear face.
Who from you heavenly dwelling-place,
Stell in their giery love us!

THE YOUNG LADIES' SHORTER CATsemism .- What is the whole duty of мощан ?

To dress, to sing, to dance, to play on the the piano forte, to gabble French and German, and to preside gracefully at the tea table. What is a man? A thing to waltz with, to flirt with, to

keep one comfortably. What is life? A polka, a shottische, a dance that

me must whirl through as fast as pos-

"La, me!' exclaimed an old la-

P. S. This is the same old lady who said she once sat up all night to see the moon full, but happened to get into a

which.

"Why, about six cents," said the mas-

CAn apprentice on day after din-

"Then," said the boy putting his hand

coppers, "here's three cents, I'm off on a bender."

CAn ambitious fortune-hunter, being in a ball-room, heard a gentleman giving an account of the death of a rich " Died vesterday, in her eighty-ninth

year," said the narrator. " What a pity!" exclaimed the fortone hunter, "what a fine match she

From Arthur's Home Gazette. SOCIAL SINS BY MRS. ALICE B. NEAL.

A whisperer seperateth chief friends-Paos

"Whisporing tongues
Can possess truth."

TALE TELLING

. What is the matter with you to night, Anna? Who's been laying straw in your path?"

'I wish it was only a straw,' swered Mrs. Maxwell, taking up her husband's half playful remark. 'But it's worse than that-a foreboding."

Surely, Anna, you would not dwell on a silly fancy as long as you have been musing over that one fashion plate—though the ladies generally are supposed to find food for thought in these enchanting pages. But, I hap-pen to know that you have your cloak and bonnet, and all that sort of thing.'

· Well, if you must have it-the truth is this. One of these faces has a strong resemblance to Susie Lane, and that recalled to me her visit this afternoon-and unfortunately Mrs. Arnot came in.' 'How unfortunately?'

. Why, she has been wishing to make her acquaintance ever since we have been so intimate.'

'So much the better, I should think.'
· Dear Harry.—'Mrs Maxwell always emphasized the adjective when she wished to be particularly understood-' you don't seem to see that I did not wish them to meet.'

'I hope you are not selfish, Anna,' said Mr. Maxwell, gravely. I thought you were anxious Mrs. Arnot should go into society now that she has laid

ment, and then said-

'I am not a bit jealous, Harry; you know it's not my nature- and I really can't say why it is, but I dread something unpleasant. Perhaps I am vexed a little at the eagerness with which she offered to improve the opportunity. Susie, I mean. Almost before Angela was seated, she said-

'I am so happy to meet you at last, Mrs. Arnot. I have heard so much · Well, isn't that the way you ladies

proceed ?" left but to offer her to call, or I but You need not shake your head, Har- pleasant acquaintances. ry, I am not coveting to keep Mrs.

Arnot all to myself. The truth was, though Mrs. Maxshe did not like to confess to him, that ! she considered Susie Lane an unsafe acquaintance to introduce. Mr. Maxwell had not liked their own intimacy at first, and she was afraid of reviving old prejudices, which she had striven so zealously to conquer. She was fascinated by Miss Lane's good take to the theatre, to laugh with, to be natured, sprightly conversation. She married to, to pay one's bills, and to had then but few intimate acquaintances in the city, and enjoyed the chatty lively visits Miss Lane was lavish of. She felt quite lost if a week passed without one of them. Susie was so amusing. Told a story capi-Hem -something that it's unfushion- tally, always knew who was engaged, able to talk of, to whisper of, to think and who expected to be. What was of; so the less that's said about it the worn at the last wedding, and how it happened that the Lawrences and Hatheways did not speak. A list of was there ever sich strong lye as bridal presents at any reception she this, before? I allers heern tell, when attended might be relied on as acculye would bear up an egg, 'twas strong rate for publication, and if an engage-enough to make soap; but mine here ment was broken off, the next time bears up six tu once-what shall I du you saw Miss Lane, you had the reasons in full. Yet there was nothing vulgar, or impertinent in it, apparently. Nothing but a good natured wish to make her conversation agreedoze towards morning, when the aggra-vating thing up and FULLED, and she Susie should know everything that The above puts us in mind of another was going on, Mrs, Maxwell once venerable lady who, in giving directions urged with her husband. 'She had for making soap, remarked that to as- such a large circle of acquaintances, certain the proper strength of the lye, was sought by every one, and with you had only to drop an egg into it, and her time and income at her own disrent.

> icked an unfortunate peculiarity, she was sure to excuse the very defect a moment after, in the blandest possible manner; and, if after she had gone, could not trace back the sting, or the precise moment it was received.

well about his wife's pre-occupation, an entry as this. but he noticed, that when he arranged

at the street corners through veils, or ceited entries of all sorts, bears recindeed any time they met and parted, erd to a vast number of friendships as many ladies make a point of doing that did not last half as long as the with common acquaintances; a proc. journal has. Sometimes we quarrell feetly right. I don't see how we can tice, by the way, so universal, that it ed about things as trivial as a credit ever be separated." has lost all significance; so much so, mark. Then I would find fault that that for ourselves, we prize a cordial I had wasted all my pocket money with the merest requaintances.

this, and the conversation was renew- Anna.' truders. The storm had increased made so many triends. since her arrival, so that the thick . Acquaintances, said Mary cor mist had become a heavy shower, that recting me in her quiet way. patted against the window near which ving to make the cheerful fire in the difference between the two.

right enough for Susie to make the been saying, and then the subject turned upon me of your proffered kinded from the dear in her circle to the ness, and I hardly remember how or dreaded an open disagreement, for she 'An explanation she had avoided - broader band of social relations, and when I sent for you. But you came could not forget what she had said It could only bring pain to both, and first advances. Angela had nothing ed from the dear in her circle to the ness, and I hardly remember how or to offer to go with her same day .- how much, after all, there was in -like an angel of mercy-dear An- about the Holland glass. Besides she had long since been convinced the

is in the word friend. From the time brought by this bitter recollection. well did not for a moment imagine she I was first sent to school I had a habwas trying to deceive her husband, it of making violent friendships-as Maxwell said. she has brown hair, and wears such a friends I am sure.' remember my own experience. But Arnot had spoken. She tried to shake friendliness, which induced her one in memory of the past, that you tell mo morning in early summer—for months my offence. That it is light I am cercare about being loved or loving my . This is very different from those school mates particularly, I loved popularity. To be the head of everypraised by the teachers.'

You are entirely candid, Angela. 'Yes, for my fault has been one of

than all praise." 'I was going to tell you about my that they were pink mouslines!" many friendships,' continued Mrs. Maxwell. 'It was a rule at our school with any one you traly leved? that all the upper classes should keep Never, in my life. I used to have Journals, and I have mine from the so many all on the same terms that I laugh over those little sentimental, ri quaintance was broken off, well and diculous entries. Sometimes, such a good. There were twenty more day as this, I get them out and look agreeable people.' them over. But with all their felly, it would sink or swim, she had forgotten posal.' No one would dream of call- they often bring tears. There are so said Mrs. Arnot. 'I don't believe I ing Miss Lane an 'old maid,' but cer- many traces of those childish days- could ever ' make up ,-as some peotainly she was au passe, with very names scrawled in pencil on the mar- ple do. If I should once be seriously ner, deliberately stepped up to his massiand feet, good teeth, gin;—autographs of class mates I offended, I don't think I could over ter, and asked him what he valued his bright eyes, and ever ready smile, to have never seen since,—profiles, half feel the same towards a person again. I cannot possibly break; and I thought, A fault she had not forgotten, save as keep her account in the social cur- and caricature, in pen and ink. Why even my best friend.' the very change in the hand writing No one ever heard her say an ab- is sad, and it is so curious to trace all friendship is like a Venice glass -once basket was given in charge, and the still further explanation of past errors. solutely illustured thing-if she mim- the elements of character which I now shattered never to be restord." possess, to that day of small things."

. I should like to see those relies.'

grip of the hand, and a smile far more and kisses on a really treacherous her less warrily than usual. Perhaps than 'lip service 'shared in common girl, but somehow I did not grow any it was that thinking so often of their

needle, in Mrs Arnot's pretty dressing room. It was just the time and 'said things,' with the best of
ing room. It was just the time and 'said things,' with the best of
them. Or the worst rather. So in
vacations I often went away on long
rlace for a confidential chat. One visits and always came home in an of Mrs. Maxwell's days,' Mrs. Arnot ecstacy with some one I had met. I always said, for with her country hab- remember one return, bounding into its of exposure Mrs. Maxwell did not the room where Mary was and comaside her mourning. I think it would seed to pass the morning in Pine street best, where the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where they were thus secured from all instances of the morning in Pine street best, where t

' No, friends,' I insisted, for I had their sewing chairs were drawn, ser- not yet learned that there is a vast

grate, all the brighter by the contrast. You learn that soon enough in a One loves to draw close to the grate large city,' said Mrs. Arnot. 'Do on such a day, if solitary, and buried you know I shudder sometimes when in a lounging chair, muse at the fan- I look back upon those dreary thank tastic shapes of the glaring coals, or the brightness of the flickering flame, while a book lies half closed over the all limits of the flickering flame, while a book lies half closed over the all limits of the flickering flame, while a book lies half closed over the all limits of the flickering flame, sympathy, even Robert's; for it grievagreeable, home assumes a homelike was watching alone with my poor Erair, and our ordinary comforts, seem nest, praying in my heart for some Why, as Mrs. Arnot was compar-atively a stranger in the city, it was Something of this, the friends had alone! It was then the thought flashna!' and Mrs. Arnot laid her hand these reasons, the next time she called could never be friends.' \*I am just be ginning to realize'— on her friend's, and half closed her Mrs. Maxwell said—'how much there' eyes to keep dim the rising tears is in the word friend. From the time because the like hitter realization. The same of the same is in the word friend. From the time because the like hitter realization. "I am just be zinning to realize" -- on her friend's, and half closed her

my sister Mary used to call them .- | 'Yes, in the true sense of the word. Yet I could never define to my moth. We do not think when we are younger eventually sprung up, through all its to need proof. er why I liked those intimates very how many elements enter into such a shades and graduations. Coldness there satisfactorily, to her. I was laughed relation. I never could leve any one, was though countery was never want. at all one Winter, for saying, when or call any one a friend, that I did ing in Mrs Arnot's manner. It was and suffer all, it she really offended to once fairly cornered,' Well, I do like not first respect, in word, deed and like a still frosty air, the more piercing win back her friend, could not have lis-

beautiful pink muslin.' Mrs. Arnot Mrs. Maxwell could not trace the smiled. 'Quite as sensible as many influence, but as this was said, a sad reasons which grown up children give, heavy feeling came over her, perhaps said she, ' and perfectly natural as I it was the earnestness with which Mrs.

vows of eternal friendship, young la-dies make, she said. When I left that had been sent directly from the an unloved home! Light to slander dies make,' she said. 'When I left thing, admired not loved, I did not school I had seventeen correspondents! care how many were afraid of me, so Papa used to say I ought to have a most tempting air imaginable, and take fessed the sincerest regard for me I set at the head of the class, and was letter box of my own at the Post Of- them herself to Mrs Arnot Fruit, Anna, I solemnly tell you I never was fice. I keep up just one of the seven flowers, and books, had been the prin- so deceived in a human being !- and teen now. I do not even know where ciple gifts exchanged between them, when I thought you so good and pure, half of them are at the present mo- and she felt almost happy again, as she and that you were leading me to a highhalf of them are at the present moa lifetime and I have learned from
ment. One loses sight of shool mates
carried the parlor at Mrs er life!
The truth flashed upon Mrs Maxthan all praise.

The truth flashed upon Mrs Maxbetter reason for loving them than berself up to the little setting, but this
better reason for loving them than berself up to the little setting, but this

\* Did you ever have a real quarrel

"I am very particular about that."

' You go on the principle then that \* Exactly. But how very solemn

and philosophical we are growing !--· Ah, me-I'm afraid they're like I'm afraid Robert would think us senlove letters -of no use to any one but timental after all, if he should hear -Walked up street with Anna Moore we do these home talks. while Mr. Arnot said-

the chess board a few meaning and Sesse Legite, after school; Anna wards, her opening moves lacked purpose, and as the game proceeds, she grow positively carefees. So very quietly as away the stand; and the control of the last stand; and the control of the carton's, thoughtful legithous, whose face eyes lighted with interest at its closed very red, when he stopped to see acquaintance of more than a stand of the carton's, thoughtful legithous, whose face eyes lighted with interest at its closed very red, when he stopped to the Carton's, thoughtful legithous, and the cloud passed away.

A close acquaintance of more than a stand of the last of the day, and have neither time or spirits to interest themselves in what they consider trivial matters, he were manufactured in a fine of the carton if the material to be made had been a first below the commandation of more than a stand of the came to supply the place of sisters to see much of each other. In the notes which of until the came to supply the place of sisters to the came to supply the place o

· I love her better every time I see her,' she exclaimed enthusiastically of Mrs. Arnot, 'and indeed she is per-

Yet it was only on her next visit shake my faith in human ne that she fancied Mrs. Arnot received ry, if she has deceived me. Our friends have often spoken of 'I don't believe you ever retaliated, too much. Mrs. Araot was not very last conversation, she had expected this, and the conversation was renewed one morning which they were passing together, each employed with the
and 'said things,' with the best of comfortable, and did not take out her

I some together things, and the conversation was renewdemonstrative usually. But take it reconciled, it is better to give up the acquaintance at once,
and 'said things,' with the best of comfortable, and did not take out her

But I have never done anything to

> jealous, or exacting. Still worse, she coldly answered-We shall always be friends 'Mrs. Mrs Maxwell came it me persuated out a hearing? entirely. We cannot trace the coldness that Mrs Arnot's face. 'It is all to evident

Maggie Robinson-because because thought. Yes, we shall always be for its very quietness. Mrs Maxwell tened again to that cold calm voice, or from herself how much she was pained. and only suswered, still gently-It was a sudden impulse of the old I must insist, for my own sake, and of guarded intercourse had passed-to tain,' siasm to be told Mrs Arnot was engag- Mrs Arnot's sequaintance. offerings formal.

two went out together. They walked she told all how she had been guilty several squares, conversing on the lead- only repeating the slanderous tale from ing topics; spoke of the beauty of every kindness of heart; that the brief the square, the last fashion for bons of her husband's unkindeess had first nets, and the marriage of a mutual ac attracted her to Mrs. Arnot, and that you felt uncomfortable, and some sen- the owner, Angela.' Mrs. Maxwell our disquisitions. What pleasant the many pleasant walks of days gone craved her pardon, but to spare her sitive point burned and smarted, you stoke half playfully, half tearfully, mornings we do have. Anna! I won by, when they walked truly upon all from the knowledge that her own confor her lips quivered, though her eyes der by the way. I met Mrs. Le things substance shadows variations duct had confirmed the cruel suspicious still smiled. There could be nothing Grand yesterday—I was going to say, of the't and feelings—all that interest. They were both humble; both sub-Nothing more was said by Mr. Max particularly amusing to you in such I wonder if she enjoys her visiting and ed them most deeply in human love, or dued. The knowledge that her own of shipping expeditions, half as much as a diviner influence. And so they parted fence had clouded her husband's good

nothing could part us. She has always spoken of her gratitude though I have followed the dictates of humanity by going to her, but it bound us together you can see and I am afraid it will

shake my faith in human nature, Har-'Listen,' said Mr Maxwell, more sariously; you are not content to give her up intirely, you feel that you have been wronged. Why not ask an explanation at once? If you cannot be

ual, but there seemed no excuse, and looked up to so engerly, turning my Mrs. Arnot's manner implied one was face away and those books that I have expected. Mr Maxwell came home loved so well, to put them away-there

after their perfect understanding .- say. A coldness between lomself and Then they met at the house of a mu. Mr Arnot had been the natural result tual acquaintance. Mrs Maxwell sear. of affairs, and he had often felt unpleascely knew how to approach Angela, antly at the daily contact it was imposand this irresolution brought out some-thing like positive coolness on Mrs. Arnot's part. So Mrs. Maxwell felt, and even her friend remarked it.— This was suddest of all, for their had been some little jealousy among the an explanation, but still be left it en-

of you from Mrs. Maxwell.' and then, the brightness of the flickering flame, while a book lies half closed over the moment it could decently be said —she begged on the strength of her intimacy with me, that Mrs. Arnot intimacy with me, the brightness of the flickering flame, sympathy, even Robert's; for it grieving curious eyes io note the difference but his own. But I was punished for intimacy with me, that I could not admit any love but his own. But I was punished for intimacy with me, that terrible night; I remember it, that terrible night; I remember it with a said awaking. would consider her an acquaintance.' ter still, with a companion entirely when that faint sinking came, as I very heart, and cried hitterly, with a a pleasant dream with a sad awaking. feeling of despondency she was quite It was a conscience pure from any ashamed of. She was almost resolved know offence, and this stiff humble res to ask an explanation, but she hesita- olve, that carried her through the painted to do so, lest there really might be ful introduction of the subject, and the no change, and Angela might think her pang of pain she felt when Mrs. Arnot

Mrs Maxwell came heme personded But is it fair to condemn me with

A flush of wounded fride passed over

wis made miserable by it for she had would at least have met the proud never known before how much she lov- glance with one equally disdninful.ed her. But she was not conscious of But, Mrs. Maxwell knew the ruling any offence, and strove to conceal even passion had for a moment, the mastery

country, and arrange them with leaves, my noble kindest of husbands, into torin a pretty backet, that gave them the turing my confidence, while you pro-

had been dropped tacitly for some time. repeating the stories she had so confi-Still it was rather cooling to her enthal deatly given evidence to before making ed but would be down directly,-and 'I could not believe it at first,' con

wait minute after minute in the darken- tinued Mrs Arnot, now speaking more ed room as formal and uninteresting as freely. I shook off the suspicion, though time I was eleven; how you would never minded a little fues. If the ac city parlors usually are in their sum- one of your own friends, you had your mer suit of brown Holland, and nett self introduced, told it to me. I tried laces. Her spirit fell considerably, to meet you the same as ever but I could and when the door opened and Mrs out. I could not play the hypocrite! Arnot actually came do all she could I should not have cared so much for her greeting was restrained and her myself, but to think after all I had not There you would excuse it. Mrs cruel! goodness, it was too

perhaps, you would walk with me. a warning not to give Gredence to ru-So a servant was summoned, the mor for the future. And, then, as a

name, suciled every rising thought of